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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The Times; or, The Prophecy.

Review of the First Edition of The Times.

"That satirist must be a bold man, and feel a strong consciousness of his powers, who not only takes Churchill for his guide, but who adopts the very title and subject of one of his satires. In the present case we have nothing to alledge against the direction and application of the satirical talents of this poetical censor. He lashes vice with becoming severity, and deplores, with appropriate feeling, the abandoned profligacy of a licentious age. His abilities for the performance of this useful and important task, are very much above the level of those talents which, in modern times, have been employed in the infliction of the satirical lash. Nor, indeed, will they suffer from the comparison to which we have adverted above. Of Johnson he speaks with equal feeling and truth, and there are more justice and more truth in his brief delineation of the qualities of Johnson's mind, and of the effect of his writings, than in all the laboured dissertations which Seward wrote and which Scott edited. The character of Cowper is traced with equal skill. Wherever religion is inrtoduced, the author betrays a degree of feeling which proves him to be in earnest. On the whole, it is one of the most able satires of a serious cast which has been produced in modern times."

See Anti-Jacobin Review, for June 1812.

See also,—Critical Review,—General Chronicle, &c. &c.

THE TIMES;

OR,

The Prophecy:

Second Edition.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

GEORGE DANIEL.

" Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

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TO

John Cock, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

The first volume of my Poems was dedicated to a Friend well known to you, as a testimony of my respect and gratitude; in presenting you with the following pieces, I am actuated by the same impulse towards yourself: the kindness that I have experienced at your hands, your humane, your generous attentions have laid me under the strongest

obligations; and I trust that you will excuse the liberty I have taken, in making public this humble offering of my regard.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your ever obliged

and humble servant,

GEORGE DANIEL.

Islington,
January, 1, 1813.

Preface

TO

The TIMES; or, The PROPHECY.

The first edition of "THE TIMES" having been well received by the Public, it now appears with the addition of several hundred lines, which I trust will not render it less worthy of patronage.

The design of this poem is to lash vice with becoming severity without any regard to PERSONS or PARTIES. In the execution of this difficult and dangerous task I have had much to dread from the combined machinations of LAW and POWER: vice seldom wants it's advocates—accuse the statesman, you are branded with disloyalty; unmask the religious

hypocrite, you are loaded with impiety; attack the private individual, and you are actuated by malice—such is the language of the world—admonition is at all times ill received, but most when it comes from the SATIRIST.—

In an age like the present, when licentiousness has attained it's highest reach, no feeble effort can hope to arrest it's career; the sources of ridicule have been long exhausted, and the severest strokes of the satirist have been too often sacrificed to make room for his wit.

But he who only plays upon the surface of human folly, who would rather trifle with a foible than reprove a crime, must not hope to succeed as a rigid moralist. It is by diving into the inmost recesses of the heart that we discover it's imperfections, it is there we trace it's good or bad qualities, it's principles and motives. The true satirist will rise with a subject that calls forth his noblest powers: all that is sublime in poetry will inspire his pen;

all that is awful in truth will direct it to a virtuous end. He will rouse the guilty from their lethargy, and encourage the good man in his path, unmindful of the dangers that may surround him. He will alarm the atheist, awaken the avaricious, and unmask the hypocrite. He will not appeal to the tastes, but to the passions of men. Hence the superiority of JUVENAL to all the satirists of antiquity: grave, sententious, argumentative, and sublime! While HORACE is content that the objects of his satire laugh with him; the former assumes all that is becoming his station; he reasons with force, admonishes with eloquence, and reproves with dignity. He seldom falls below his subject, and often kindles into rapture. If HORACE be politer, he is more superficial; if JUVENAL be coarser, he is more energetic. The light raillery of HORACE may make a wicked man ashamed, but the deep remonstrances of JUVENAL will make him tremble.

Upon the whole, they both display in an eminent degree "*ingenium par materæ:*" as vice is depicted by the one, we turn from it with disgust; but as delineated by the other, we recoil from it with horror.—

The first appearance of this poem having excited some attention, it's merits have been more appreciated, and it's defects more exposed, than generally falls to the lot of an anonymous publication: by some it has been extolled much I fear beyond it's deserts, yet upon the whole, it has been treated with more lenity, than such a poem (calculated to offend many) had reason to expect. The rectitude of my intentions has encouraged me to pursue my task, and the applause of the judicious will I trust crown my labours. I am aware that certain parts will create many enemies, yet it is pleasing to reflect that among them all, there will scarcely be found one whom a good man would desire to call his friend.

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THE

Times;

OR,

The Prophecy.

——— Nunquam libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub REGE pio. ———

But know, the wrath Divine when most severe,
Makes justice still the guide of his career;
Nor will he punish in one mingled crowd,
Them without light, and THEE without a cloud.

COWPER.

The Times.

In Britain's happy isle, the man who draws
His sword, and kills his friend without a cause,
(Except when honor, prostituted name!
Makes coxcombs risk their lives to save their fame,)
The law, in wisdom, graciously ordains
That self-same man a hanging for his pains.
But still, (oh shame to Phœbus and the Nine!
May no such cruel destiny be mine;)
'Tis thought no sin in poetry to kill;
A merc'less bard may butcher whom he will:

Translators stand acquitted of the crime;
E'en BUSBY shines a homicide in rhyme.

How the press groans, what mighty volumes swell,
Yet few attain the art of writing well:
What piles of dulness lie, already dead,
Which none but those who wrote them ever read;—
Unblest perchance with some new quibbling name;
For novelty is now the road to fame.

As reptiles of the meanest kind produce
Their several good, so blockheads have their use;—
Nonsense may yield a most delicious treat;
Critics must write ere they presume to eat.
For these our modern censors of the town,
(Poor souls! who write abuse for half-a-crown,

Vile hungry wits, and poets out of place,
A raging, dull, and disappointed race;)
When daily authors will not furnish bread,
Prey on the mangled bodies of the dead.
SHAKSPEARE they first attack with hungry zeal,
Where TIBBALD once contriv'd to make a meal;
And wits succeeding, heedless of his groans,
Have mangled first, then picked his very bones.
Next Jonson's scenes (for Jonson's learned pains
Can fill the belly, and confound the brains,)
Are so transpos'd that were he now to rise,
How would the poet stare with wild surprize,
And rack his brains with many a pond'rous note
To find the meaning out of what he wrote!
Some will to folly make a bold pretence,
And pen a verse to shew their want of sense:

Others still bolder, owing sense a grudge,
Out of pure desperation swear to judge.
When dull FITZGERALD rhymes, unlucky wight!
All Grub-street claims it's privilege to write:—
When pert reviewers print what they should burn,
Fierce bedlamites are critics in their turn:—
True nonsense tempts the hungry censor's nose,
For carrion is the fav'rite food of crows.

Unhappy he, neglected and forlorn,
In England bred, of English parents born,
Whose muse untaught by Erse or Gallic lore,
Ne'er tun'd her reed on Scotland's luckier shore:
What tho' with nicest art he strike the lyre,
Though Phœbus self his morning dreams inspire,
To partial fame in vain shall genius plead,
She owns no votaries but the sons of Tweed.

Prevailing Fashion, which in modern times
Directs the public taste, the poet's rhymes,
Hath exil'd POPE and DRYDEN in disgrace,
For venal scribblers of the northern race.
Long shall despairing merit feel the curse,
While Scotchmen rule in politics and verse,
And long shall BRITAIN mourn her hapless fate
While SCOTT shall guide the taste, and ROSE the state.

Say, what inducement yet was ever found,
For wits to venture on poetic ground?—
Alas! 'tis poor encouragement they meet,
Their only choice a garret, or the Fleet.
The mighty HOMER was obliged to fast;[1]
But luckier POPE was amply paid at last:[2]

The Chancery thus, with true parental care,
Bids the right owner starve, to feed the heir.
BUTLER, with wit and humour on his side,[3]
Wrote well, nor found a patron, till he died.—
DRYDEN, to whom the magic power was given[4]
With harmony to raise the soul to heaven,
Long time the servant of a worthless court,
Outlived, at last, it's favour and support.—
STEELE was distress'd, while laureat CIBBER fed,
GAY died insolvent, [5]—OTWAY begged his bread: [6]
SAVAGE, whose fate, too cruelly severe, [7]
The Muse shall ne'er record without a tear;—
From friends, from fortune, and from birthright driven,
Despised, rejected, shunn'd by all—but heaven—

Whose fame the Muse shall give to future times,
Died the sad victim of a parent's crimes.

Unhappy CHATTERTON! o'er thy sad grave [8]
Long shall the laurel bloom the cypress wave;
Long shall the Muse thy mournful tale relate,
Bid others seek thy fame but shun thy fate:—
For thou wert born to prove misfortune's heir,
Thy life was poverty, thy death despair!
Pale melancholy shed her deepest gloom,
And brought thy genius to an early tomb.

While nature charms, and scenes of earliest youth [9]
Can please, pourtrayed with tenderness and truth,
Thy name sweet AUBURN's BARD shall long be dear,
And claim fond memory's tributary tear.

Yet not by verse alone, we judge thy heart,
Inspiring virtue form'd the nobler part,
Rais'd thee above the mean, the vulgar throng,
And gave resistless magic to thy song.

Ah! what avails if all the NINE inspire
With SHAKSPEARE'S nature, and with MILTON'S fire,
And fill the ardent mind with glowing themes
That fancy pictures oft' in idle dreams,
If poverty, with all her loathed train
Usurp the spot where taste and genius reign?
What boots it if the soul is taught to soar
From earth to heaven; with eager eye t'explore
Things only visible, where wisdom's light
Hath shone sublime—else veil'd from human sight—

If doom'd to feel affliction's galling weight,
The scorn of villains and the frowns of fate?
Has Providence so mark'd the poet's name
With bitterness, obscurity, and shame,
Op'd to his anxious view a fairy scene,
To render want more irksome, grief more keen?
Has Heaven ordained a mind, supremely blest,
By god-like virtue raised above the rest,
Form'd to excel in what we most desire,
All art can reach, and nature can inspire,
Should perish ere it's tenement of clay
Hath gone to dust—should blaze, and pass away?
Oh! 'tis a bitter truth, by none deny'd,
A truth that well may humble learned pride,
That reason, GOD'S best gift, shall feel a void,—
Her sacred temple shook, though not destroy'd!

Such COLLINS was thy fate—nor thine alone—
Well may those walls that echoed to thy groan
Bear witness to the tale! till taught to rise,
Thy soul expanding sought her native skies,
Found in religion that assured relief,
Strength for her faith, and solace for her grief.

Thanks to the generous Muse! to her I owe
Much of life's social comfort here below:
That converse with the mind, that heart-felt joy,
"Wealth cannot give, nor poverty destroy."
Mark'd by misfortune even from the womb,
Thrice snatch'd an early sufferer from the tomb,
Once more unwilling to the world allied,
(For had my fate been happier I had died,)
Much have I suffered, much endured from those
Whom envy, fraud, and dulness made my foes!

Yet have I friends, whom (ever firm and true,)
When I forget, may GOD forget me too!
Whose friendship, whose esteem, whose love I prize
As much as I abhor, and I despise
The man, (a foul disgrace on manhood's name!)[11]
Whom black injustice long has mark'd with shame.
O! how can I address thee?—shall I blend
In thee, the kind protector, father, friend,
The faithful guardian of my earliest youth,
Whose deeds were virtue, and whose precepts truth?
No—candour would blot out the treacherous line,
Thou scourge, thou bitter scourge of *me and mine!*
Hast thou not read in GOD's most holy word,
(And tremble at the sin thou hast incurr'd!)

How lost is he, the basest most accurst,
Of all the tribe of sinners stampt the worst,
Who robs the widow or the widow's son,
And eats the orphan's bread, as thou hast done?
Oh! could I burst the grave's oblivious gloom,
And call thy once loved BROTHER from the tomb;
If rising from the earth, the dead should speak,
How would conviction blanche thy coward cheek,
Wring every nerve, and tell thy guilty heart
How foully thou hast play'd a brother's part!
Sure if eternal Justice has designed
For sin most damned, tortures most refined;
How canst THOU hope for mercy on that day,
When heaven and earth alike shall pass away,
Or deprecate the vengeance from on high,
Stained as thou art with crimes of deepest dye?

Sleep shalt thou seek in vain, to calm thy woes,
Yet if perchance thy weary eye-lids close;
Despair and horror, guilt's appalling crew,
Shall haunt thy dreams, and bring the past to view!
Oh! for a voice to utter all thy shame,
Worse than the heart can think, the tongue proclaim;
Earth groans beneath thee, nature feels dismay,
And hell impatient, hungers for her prey.

What hope have I, whose rough unpolish'd lays
Speak truth, and give to none but honest praise;—
Where no soft numbers smoothly glide along,
Nor truant sense evaporates in song;—
No simple shepherds warble simple strains,
Nor simple maidens sigh for simple swains;—

What hope have I to please the public taste,
With little wit to sport, and none to waste?
Such arts I leave to those, by whim preferr'd,
Whose names, though sounding, Phœbus never heard;
To modern wits who please in modern days,
And Scottish bards whom Scottish critics praise;
My hardier verse shall scorn their nicer laws,
Unmindful of such censure or applause.
In climes where friars puzzle people's skulls
With pardons, racks, indulgencies, and bulls,
A rogue, the blackest of the vagrant tribe,
Flies to the church, and with a handsome bribe
Secures the holy fathers in his cause,
And thus escapes the vengeance of the laws.
So blockheads guilty of each flagrant crime,
Who rave in prose, and play the fool in rhyme,

To Dulness' court, in ragged troops repair,
And puny wits find sanctuary there.
See MARO now a mean dependant grown,
To raise his patron's fame—and sink his own.—
O spare, great Dulness, spare my harmless lays,
Not from your MARO's censure—but his praise.

Let MARCUS read your verse, unlucky elf,
(Poor MARCUS is a wit, and writes himself;)
If genius, strength, and harmony combine
To give their force to every nervous line,
(Charms which his limping doggrel never knew,)
The envious blockhead answers,—" Nothing new."—
Then drawls your verse in such a whining tone,
You'd swear the thoughts and doggrel were his own.

If groping please thy fancy, search the stews,
Where mournful HAFIZ oft invokes the muse;
A melancholy bard, whose numbers creep;
In harmless odes, to solitude and sleep.—
Where grave PHILANTHROPOS, a moral youth,
Fond of advice, writes any thing but truth;—
And * * * * *, a sore tormentor of the Nine,
Takes leave of sense in many a sleepy line.

Half wit, half beau, whom Dulness out of spite
To serve some angry purpose doom'd to write;
And fate, (while pilfering bards the scheme applaud)
To make the man a *something*—made a LORD,—
Self-mounted on Apollo's sacred throne,
Looks down, and thinks the rhyming world his own.

A Lord! no wonder that he blinds the town,
That critics cry him up, and cry me down;
For nobles are with soothing flattery fed,
And few dare tell their faults, who eat their
bread.
O 'tis a pride! to men of high degree,
For gaping crowds to point, and cry, "That's he,
Whose prologue is by partial wits confest
(And who shall dare impeach their taste?) the best
Of all that modern poets could devise,
Alone found worthy to obtain the prize."
God help the man, who punished for his crimes
Is doomed to speak such lamentable rhymes!
Where sound and sense each other's force oppose,
Half jingling bombast, and half fustian prose:
Such endless labor, yet such careless lays,
Such boasted spirit, yet such servile praise;

Such little thoughts in mighty numbers told,—
The MOUNTAIN groans—and we the MOUSE
behold.

Long may each noble scribbler as of yore,
Enjoy his muse, his critic, and his whore;
Whene'er he rhymes may Phœbus guide the quill,
And flatterers rise obedient to his will:
May fashion o'er true wit and sense prevail,
Direct the public taste, and speed the sale;
May dull committies puff his rising name,
And BUSBY prove a rival to his fame.

Peace to such bards! let me be poor and proud,
I write to please myself, and not the crowd:—
My garret's small, but still it is my own,
And if I starve, why, let me starve alone.—

What, tho' the wind may whistle through the panes,
And the worn roof admit descending rains;
If cold, I shiver supperless to bed,
With craving belly, and with aching head;—
Rise with the morning sun, yet fear to stray,
Lest some intruding bailiff stop my way.
Such ills I'd rather bear, nor grieve the time,
And never once complain—except in rhyme—
Than live in pampered ease, and scratch my pate,
A wretched task! to praise the fool I hate:—
Curs'd is the wretch, unworthy of the Nine,
Who meanly pens one mercenary line.

Hail, useful SATIRE! whose propitious reign
Shall lash the world when parsons preach in vain:
When Justice sleeps, and sets the villain free,
Expiring Virtue calls for aid to thee!

So sharp thy censures, honest and severe,
That titled knaves shall tremble as they hear;
And greedy statesmen, startled at thy style,
Reform—at least, grow honest for a while.

But say what crimes, in this regenerate age,
Demand thy censure, and provoke thy rage?—
An age like this, when true religion shines,
And rogues, to 'scape the gallows, turn divines;
Assume the prophet's name, and hold the rod,
And call their blasphemy the Word of GOD:—
When SATAN to attain some secret end,
Bids EATON print, and NIGHTINGALE defend:—
When stammering peers, pursuing freedom's cause,
Will talk of virtue, while they break her laws;
When shameless poets prostitute the Muse,
And slumb'ring prelates preach to empty pews;—

When Truth shall dread, if once she ope her lips,
Fines, lawsuits, jeers, imprisonments and whips;—
When Justice tries to lift her voice on high,
While Law alarm'd, preserves a jealous eye;—
When cowards seek dishonorable graves,
And freemen born become the worst of slaves:—
The worst of slaves, in some accursed hour,
The slaves of party, prejudice, and power.
What need of Satire then to mend the times,
So great our virtues, and so small our crimes?

The Muse shall tell thee, (doubt it those who can,)
'Tis Heaven's blest attribute to bear with man.
Tho' GOD's commandments at his throne be hurl'd,
Shall he in vengeance strike a guilty world?
Shall he, to bid a guilty race expire,
Pour down his wrath in fast consuming fire?

No, GRACE forbids it—HE of heavenly birth,
Who bled to save the fallen sons of earth,
'Twixt GOD and MAN the MEDIATOR stood,
And paid the price of mercy with his blood.—
Yet think not still (oh! could I strike the lyre,
And mount to extacy on wings of fire;
Sing sweeter sounds than listening angels sung,
Whenheaven's high courtswith loud hosannas rung,)
That GOD shall ne'er his dreadful anger pour,
Or awful vengeance sleeps to wake no more.
The hour approaches, the avenging hour,
When those who scorned his love, and mocked
his power,
Shall see black desolation's flag unfurled,
And fall the atoms of a sinking world!
Shall own this truth, the Christian's noblest trust,
Though GOD be merciful, he will be just.

SPAIN! thou hast felt the truth of this decree—
Now hath the sword of terror wasted thee:
That desolating sword, thy sons of yore
To Afric's plains in savage triumph bore.
Long hath th'eternal arm withheld the blow,
Yet heaven though late has laid thine honors low;
While vengeance prompt at retribution's call,
Laughs at thy shame, and glories in thy fall.

Sure 'twas a voice that echoed from the tomb,
A solemn voice that mocked the oppressor's doom.—
"Where is that power which half the world withstood,
Those guilty hands imbrued in Indian blood,
Those hearts ne'er warmed by pity's tender flame,
Those fiends that triumph'd in the Christian name

Who vain of polished lore, superior powers,
And void of human feelings, questioned ours?

"Well-pleased we view what Providence ordains,
And grateful own the GOD OF JUSTICE reigns;
Before whose throne assembled nations fall,
Whom saint and savage hail the Lord of all!
He saw thee act the robber's, murderer's part,
He marked the bitter tear, the broken heart;
And but delayed the terrors of his power,
To crush thee in his own appointed hour.
See from thy plains what mingled horrors rise,
Hark! 'twas a dying groan that pierced the skies.—
In towns laid waste, in villages that burn,
We see thee ravaged and despoiled in turn.
Nor youth, nor hoary age shall mercy find,
No sex shall move, no ties of nature bind,

Revenge shall mark thy fate to future times,
Dark as thy thoughts, and bloody as thy crimes."

What contemplative mind but now deplores
Once favored ISRAEL's desolated shores?
Sees ROME's proud empire to destruction hurl'd,
The seat of arts, the mistress of the world,
Where god-like wisdom flow'd from CATO's tongue,
Where CÆSAR triumphed and where VIRGIL sung,
And valour pointed out the road to fame,
Ere Roman virtue dwindled to a name?
What mind so uninform'd that need be told
How great, how blest was BABYLON of old?
Queen of the earth! she saw with conscious pride
Her wealth increase, her power spread far and wide.

What now remains to meet the curious eye?—
Her massy domes in scattered fragments lie;
In vain the traveller would seek to trace
The artist's breathing form, the sculptor's grace;
The spoiler's hand has marred the beauties there,
Which only faintly tell what once they were.
Yes, when I think of kings, of states decayed,
Their ancient glories vanished as a shade,
I turn with fearful eyes to evils known,
And in another's ruin, dread our own.
Perhaps e'en now to consummate our woe
Heaven meditates the long suspended blow;
(Nor shall we dare deny the sentence just,)
To bury ENGLAND'S triumphs in the dust.

How shall we stand acquitted, stained with crimes
That wrought the dire disgrace of ancient times?—

How supplicate that mercy, which our pride
So oft refused, but then shall be denied?—
Did guilt bring wrath on ISRAEL'S chosen race?
Sin haunts our steps, and stares us in the face.[12]
Did Jewish priests revile the SAVIOUR'S name?
Hear HUNTINGDON blaspheme, and blush for shame!
Did Justice cry aloud unknown, unheard?
See worth untimely crushed, and vice preferred.
If sin brought ISRAEL'S glory to the tomb—
Hear, BRITAIN hear, and tremble for *thy* doom!

Is there a villain worse than tongue can tell,
His face from Tyburn, and his heart from hell,[13]
In folly, guilt, and ignorance supine,
Defying laws, both human and divine;—

Who claims to be what PETER was of yore,
And turns a parson to blaspheme the more;—
Who boldly stands the advocate of truth,
The downright juggler of a Smithfield booth;
And preaches temperance,—while his greedy soul
Dwells on the social pleasures of the bowl?
HIM, (though the laws no punishment ordain
For those who take their MAKER'S name in vain;
Who know no more of scripture than a post,
And count that doctrine best which pays the most:—)
Shall useful satire reach, and strike with awe,
And those shall feel it's force who laugh at law.

Say, does my Muse beyond her prudence run?—
Vice hath no bounds—and satire should have none.

Bold be the verse, when justice is the theme,
Though EATON print, and HUNTINGDON blas-
pheme:
Tho' hell's dread monster, CERBERUS, may roar,
And strongly guard the TABERNACLE door;
Though vile apostates, D****R in their train,[14]
Talk loud, and plead their right to be profane;—
While gentle COLLYER, pretty spoken youth!
Sings at his ease the mangled word of truth;—
Talks small, and picks his teeth, then reads the text
Converts a pretty girl, and weds her next:—
I loath the puppy, with his gospel rules:
A preaching coxcomb is the worst of fools!—
Though shrill-ton'd WILKS, and bawling ROW-
LAND come,
And preach me *deaf*, they shall not preach me
dumb;—

The Muse regardless of superior force,
Tho' hypocrites may try to stop her course,
Shall drag to light each minister of sin,
In spite of foes without, and fiends within.

What's VIRTUE, but a mask to cheat the blind,
An empty name, a phantom of the mind,
A tale the preacher tells, the fool believes,
An artful plea, that damns while it deceives?—
But FAITH, that precious opiate of the soul!
Lulls all our fears to rest, and makes us whole,
Gives color to the vices of the times,
Sets concience free, and sanctifies our crimes.

"Blest argument that proves" (OLD GRIPUS cries)
"My undisputed title to the skies!

I who abhor (so faithful to my creed)
The very mention of a virtuous deed,
By FAITH *alone* am certain to succeed.
I who have set my heart against despair,
The widow's sigh, the helpless orphan's prayer;
Who ne'er till earth shall take these old remains,
Will give the poor one farthing of my gains:—
I who would triumph in my country's fall,
Did not her sinking funds possess my all:—
I who detest as fate's severest curse,
That blackest of all crimes—an empty purse:—
I who remain in these degenerate days
A bitter foe to POETRY and PLAYS;
Who put my trust in all that DRAPER saith,
And dose on sundays o'er the BANK OF FAITH;—
I who so well can ape the humble saint,
With twenty texts so appropos and quaint,

Kneel at GOD's sacred altar, pious crone!
And hate all sects and customs but my own,
Shall, when this sinful world is wrapped in flame,
Exult in FAITH's reward, and VIRTUE's shame."

Strange doctrine!—let the promised bliss be thine,—
May Virtue's hopes, and Virtue's fate be mine.
When the ARCHANGEL's trump shall wake the skies,
And summoned by it's call, the DEAD shall rise;
When the LAST DAY exulting seraphs hail,
And heaven's bright throne appears without a veil,
Then shall our several claims be justly tried
By HIM, who to confirm them, groaned and died.

For VIRTUE who shall plead?—what heaven
holds dear;
The WIDOW's grateful prayer, the ORPHAN's
tear,
The lame, the blind all those who wept before
(Affliction's suffering race!) to weep no more,
Shall (while with joy the approving angels gaze,)
Implore the mercy-seat with hymns of praise.

These are thy bright rewards, O TRUTH divine!
These shall ere long O WILBERFORCE, be thine!
Such bliss awaits the man, who pitying gave
Light to the blind, and freedom to the slave!
Who taught his ruthless ministers of woe,
Mercy's blest name, and friendship's sacred glow,
Hailed from oppressive bonds his just release,
And to his wounded spirit whispered peace.

AFRIC rejoice! from BRITAIN's distant shore
Your grateful sons the welcome tidings bore;—
BRITAIN who scorns (if honor prove sincere)
To rob *you* of the gem *she* holds so dear,
Hath sent fair LIBERTY beyond the main,
To consecrate your land, and burst your chain.
O! could she her immortal truths disclose,
And plant in desarts wild, sweet SHARON's
ROSE;
Lead you to CALVARY's MOUNT, to MERCY's
SHRINE,
And fill the stubborn soul with love divine;
Then should her labors prosper in their aim,
And blend with FREEDOM's, FAITH's serener
flame,
Teach your believing sons on HIM to call,
Who shed his precious blood to ransom all.

Is there a deed that heaven itself approves,
That god-like virtue prompts, compassion moves,
That gives the human soul new light to shine,
And proves *indeed* it's origin divine!
'Tis that, which sends to earth's remotest bound
SALVATION's work, the GOSPEL's cheering sound.
Go ye, who shall the proud distinction claim,
And teach the nations your REDEEMER's name;
Go plant his glorious CROSS in wilds unknown,
And bring new subjects to JEHOVAH's throne!
Go tell of BETHLEHEM's STAR, of ISRAEL's KING,
The words shall echo, and the deserts sing!
Through distant worlds the joyful tidings spread
Of HIM who hushed the STORM, who raised the DEAD,

Whose mighty arm extends from shore to shore,
While wondering seraphs tremble and adore!
Go to the wretched couch where misery lies,
Exalt the soul, and point her to the skies:
Say to the proud, the guilty, and the vain,
A contrite heart shall never plead in vain:
If doubt, or fear invade the dying bed,
Tell how your SAVIOUR suffered, how he bled,
Burst HELL's strong fetters, triumphed o'er the GRAVE,
And lives to bless the saints he died to save.

Here pause the sorrowing Muse with sacred dread,
To pay her honors to th' illustrious dead;
Recal those names BRITANNIA'S sons adore,
And tell of worth and greatness, now no more:

How PITT (and oh! that name for ever dear,
Lives in my heart, and vibrates in my ear,)
With god-like ardor raised his country's fame,
And gave new lustre to the PATRIOT's name!
Who when the civil storm began to lower,
And factious knaves talked loud for place and power,
Stood forth fair Freedom's champion, nobly great!
To save from tyrant hands a sinking state.
Who died (may future ages while they hear
Drop o'er his urn the tributary tear,)
Unpaid, unpensioned, crowned with just applause,
A faithful servant in the public cause.
Heaven heard with joy the dying prayer he gave,
To bless that country he was born to save.[16]

Again are Britain's hopes involved in gloom,
Again she mourns a PATRIOT's early tomb,
Whose honored name her weeping sons adore,
Whose fate all tongues lament, all hearts deplore,
Firm in his country's cause the statesman rose,
In spite of foreign feuds, domestic foes;
Admiring senates heard with awe profound,
Pale Treason stood aghast, and Faction frown'd.
While those to whom his memory still is dear,
(With whom the Muse shall drop the sacred tear,)
Whom party ne'er could move, nor envy blind,
Revered the brighter beauties of his mind.
Did misery e'er to PERCEVAL complain,
Did mercy sue?—they never sued in vain:—
His ear was open to affliction's call,
His hand to virtuous want, his heart to all.

Stars, garters, ribbands, all are pretty toys,
And long-drawn titles make a mighty noise!
Titles like paltry gems, no longer rare,
May make the flatterer cringe, the vulgar stare;
May give to BYRON sense, to HOLLAND grace,
And smooth the wrinkles on the HARLOT'S face;
But to the man who strikes at honest fame,
They brand with new disgrace a worthless name.

LOTHARIO is a modern patriot—mark—
An outward saint, a traitor in the dark;
A vile intriguing slave, whose treacherous mind
Nor honor's sense could move, nor friendship bind.
Who braving nature's laws, religion's ties,
The scorn of man, the vengeance of the skies,

To deathless infamy consigned his name,
And fell the victim of a lawless flame.
Peace to LOTHARIO'S breast! if peace can reign
Where folly rules, and virtue pleads in vain.
Joy to LOTHARIO'S heart! if joy can e'er
From guilt repel the horrors of despair.
Vain wish!—remorse shall fill thee with affright,
Distract thy thoughts by day, thy dreams by night;
Corroding care it's baneful influence shed,
Cursed be thy home, and barren be thy bed!
May SHE, to whom thou bowedst the supple knee,
What once she proved to W*****R, prove to thee;
And murdered friendship tell of injuries past,
Embitter every hour, but most thy last.

Yet hadst thou not aspired to power and fame,
Thy countless crimes had perished with thy name;
Deep in oblivion's pool been doomed to rot,
Where thousands lie neglected and forgot;
But when thou would'st assume the PATRIOT'S part,
Thou traitor to thy KING, for such thou art!
In BRITAIN'S awful senate take thy stand,
And pour thy base sedition through the land,
'Tis fit the Muse, as dreading Virtue's frown,
Should tell the world thy name, and pluck thee down.
Go with thy wedded partner in despair,
And mourn thy crimes in penitence and prayer:—
Hence with thy withered strumpet, hence, away!
Nor let her presence blast the face of day:—

Go (if thou would'st escape the wrath divine
For guilt so black, for evils great as thine,)
Repent, ere fate shall call thee to the grave,
Bow to the dust, and own thyself a slave.

Sir Sycophant, for splendor and support,
Bows, cringes, scrapes, and flourishes at court;
Flies to the levee of some titled knave,
Proud to become his Lordship's humble slave.
Admitted once with courtly peers to sit,
He pimps, buffoons, drinks hard, and turns a wit;
Laughs at his patron's jests, a ready tool
To draw a cork, say grace, and play the fool.
Versed in the paltry art of low grimace,
In Britain's Senate soon he takes his place:—

The question's put—the minister is warm—
One cries, "CORRUPTION,"—t'other roars,
"REFORM;"—
He nicks the time—begins a long defence
Of new taxation, but leaves out the sense:—
Applauds the MINISTER in STENTOR'S note,
Bawls till his lungs are hoarse, and gives his vote.
The point obtained, the dirty business done,
Corruption hails him as her darling son;
Whispers his merit in his SOVEREIGN'S ear,
And dubs him PLACEMAN, PENSIONER, and PEER.
His wishes gained, accomplished half his ends,
He scorns the knowledge of his former friends;
He keeps a levee, where dependants crowd,
And bow as once their upstart patron bowed.

The cringing poet, panting after fame,
Courts the protection of his mighty name;
Presents his fulsome ode, intreats perusal,
And dreads, as much as death, a cold refusal.
Disbanded heroes, fond of ease and pay,
Who call it *backing* friends—to run away:—
Stale admirals, and patriots out of place,
All crave in turn some slender mark of grace:
But Fortune, ever mindful of his fate,
Creates her fool a MINISTER OF STATE;—
He robs the nation with rapacious hands—
His title asks for equipage and lands?
Whores he must have, no matter from what source,
While mountebanks and fiddlers come of course;
And what this villain does, because he's great,
Would hang a hundred rogues of mean estate.

Is this a statesman, this a public man?—
View haughty ****, then doubt me if you can;—
Whose pliant conscience bends each way at will,
And is in each disguise a villain still;
Who finds it hard his ass's ears to hide,
Though clothed with impudence and decked
with pride;
And who would pass, in some ambitious hour,
The gates of HELL, if they but led to power.

You'll surely grant one statesman may be found,
With truth and honesty, on English ground,
To whom fair fame her blooming chaplet
gives;—
I grant there may be one, while ELDON lives:—
Him, shall exulting Britain own with pride
Her steady friend, her patriot, and her guide;

Prompt in these days of riot and reform,
To guard her throne, and quell the civil storm.

The purse-proud fool, of aught beneath the skies,
Is what I pity most, and most despise;
Whose soul proclaims the soil from whence he sprung,
A child of chance, a tulip raised from dung.
What though the man may fill a civic chair,
As WARDEN, SHERIFF, ALDERMAN, or MAYOR,
At HALLS and COMMON-COUNCILS rule the roast,
(Where those who speak worst grammar please the most,
Where patriots jar, and knotty points are weighed,
As POLITICS confound the sons of trade:)

Must I (who thank my stars shall feel no shame
To tell the world my origin and name,)
To power and riches play the flatterer's part,
And make my fawning tongue belie my heart?
Wealth is indeed a blessing, when applied
To succour those, by PROVIDENCE denied
That competence which eases life's dull load,
On us in love so graciously bestowed;
A blessing, though to thousands the reverse,
A precious gift, which MAN has made a curse.
Go search the sacred SCRIPTURES, read with care
The deeds of CHARITY recorded there:
The WIDOW'S BOON a bright example see,[17]
And learn the use of good bestowed on THEE!
What, though with bleeding heart, with anguish wild,
The starving mother mourned her dying child,

ELIJAH of the scanty pittance fed,
And shared the last sad morsel of her bread.

In joy's light moments, in affliction's hour,
We feel one mighty, all-sustaining power;
In whose paternal bosom we repose,
Our hopes, our fears, our blessings, and our woes.
Does conscious guilt o'erwhelm the mind with grief?—
'Tis GOD the ruling power who brings relief;
Does pleasure charm? to HIM the bliss we owe,
Great source of joy above and peace below.
Does fortune ope for us her golden stores,
Does freedom bless, and conquest crown our shores?

Alive, the song of gratitude to raise,
Be ours the triumph, and be his the praise.

See GROTIUS, blest beyond a common fate,
Born to a richer, not a happier state;
Enjoying all that fortune can impart,
He wants no more—except an easy heart;
In vain he reads what soundest casuists teach,
And thinks the object still within his reach;
Yet finds that wealth can ne'er our ills oppose,
Once turn the scale, or lighten human woes.

OLD GRIPUS prays, and so does GRIPUS' wife,
They go to church, and lead a sober life;
Starch in their manners, zealous in their creed,
The world accounts them pious folks indeed!

Poor GRIPUS swears that riches are a curse,—
Yet all his bliss lies centered in his purse.
His wife, good soul! too provident to spend,
Would sooner die than waste a candle's end.
The STOCKS are low—with rueful length of chin
He mourns the nation's wretchedness and sin:—
They rise—his spirits, lightened of their weight,
Exult in Britain's free and happy state.
If you would live his friend, and prove his heir,
Be slow at *works*—but diligent in *prayer;*—
Prove what the world esteems an honest man—
Pray when you *please*—but profit when you *can.*

Who would not laugh to see a formal prig,
Law in his face, and wisdom in his wig,

The haughty tyrant perched upon a stool,
With all the dull importance of a fool,
Whose very looks can strike a clown with awe,
Deem every word he speaks, the word of law?
See him, like JEFFERIES, mounted on the bench,
Abuse a vagrant, chuckle with a wench,
Browbeat a jury, urge the culprit's fate,
And hang a wretch—or make the dinner wait.
See him without his WIG, in private life,
(And if the man should chance to have a wife,)
No dread importance sits upon his brow,
Where is his law—and where his wisdom now?—
He smokes his pipe, tells tales, and stirs the fire,
Laughs with the priest, and tipples with the squire,

Bawls out an oath, or cracks a smutty jest,
Pays for the *worst*—but always drinks the *best:*—
And reeling homeward, if occasion need
Gravely expounds the law, he cannot read.

But, hush!—the world perhaps may take offence,—
What is my crime?—plain truth and common sense.
What TRUTH a crime? you jest—if you pursue
This strain of censure you may find it true.—
What, TRUTH a LIBEL?—heaven defend my cause,
And shield me from it's enemy, ye laws.—
You speak too warm, some mischief may arise,
The LAW's a foe, ATTORNEYS are the spies;

Attorneys vile, who when GOD's wrath begins,
He sends on earth to plague us for our sins.—
Produce an instance—if my counsel fail,
Will you lay down five hundred for my bail?
For j****s now, in these reforming times,
Like prudent souls make money of our crimes;
And hate to see a BRIBE (so honest grown,)
Fall into any pockets but their OWN.—
What *filthy lucre?*—'tis a thing, we see
Civility has softened to a *fee;*—
A daily fee may leave one—like a wife:—
A snug round pension is a bribe for life.
But as your cause is good, if 'tis your fate
To raise the fears, or wake the villain's hate;
Though statesman, lawyer, judge, and jury, bawl,
The public approbation's worth them all.

'Tis thine to fight and triumph in the cause;
A guiltless conscience is the best applause.—

Give me the man of pure religious life,
Who never yet debauched his neighbour's wife;
No stuttering noisy peer, the fool of fame,
Who dares profane the patriot's sacred name,
And weds a trull, nor fears the world's reproach,
(A well-bred strumpet now, she keeps her coach!)[18]
Yes, give me one of fame and honor true,
On whom the breath of slander never blew,
Like ELDON, honest, eloquent, and bold;
Whose virtue never yet was bought, and sold;
Whose country's good, however knaves molest,
His first, best wish, lies centered in his breast.

Like ERSKINE, (though opinions disagree,
True honor is the same in you, or me;)
Like Erskine, (and I triumph in the name,
The first and fairest on the rolls of fame—
Whose mind embraces all the wise can teach,
And all that soft humanity can reach;)
To guard the senate with a watchful eye,
Proclaim her foes, and tell the danger nigh.
These are the men, (not every booby lord
Who drives his prancing bloods, and smacks his cord;
Who cheats some thrifty tradesman unawares,
Builds much, and leaves the payment to his heirs:)
These are the men to stem the raging tide
Of fraud, oppression, insolence, and pride.
O! when I see how men of little fame,
Men who are only popular in shame;

Lords of a day, who'll reason with SAINT PAUL.
And knights, who boast no reasoning at all,
Rise up, and speak; sit down and make their bow,
And pluck the honors from a nobler brow;
I snatch the lyre, and sweep the chords along,
Pour a rough strain, nor heed the grace of song;
Let well-paid poets ~~wash a dirty name,~~
I hate a titled rogue, ~~with all his fame.~~

Base were the hireling Muse, unjust her lays,
Could she to PARTY prostitute her praise;
Give TRUTH the lie, or yield the villain's name,
Aught but it's due reward,—contempt and shame.
Free shall she deal reproof, and praise bestow,
No guilt for her too *high*, no worth too *low*;

Prompt in her calling, each extreme to shun,
A friend to *honest* men, a slave to *none*.

Wanders my Muse from METHOD'S musty rules,
And all the solemn farce of modern schools:
In sportive mood forsakes the beaten track,
METHOD, a pedant dull, shall bring her back.
She, like the bird, whom airy sports engage,
Flies from her narrow bounds, and leaves the cage;
Fond of her freedom prunes her ruffled wings,
And wild and rugged are the lays she sings.
Soft is the linnet's song, the thrush's throat
Warbles so sweetly clear, the blackbird's note
May charm, and philomela's mournful strain
Dissolve the pensive soul in pleasing pain;

But the free tuneful LARK, that soars and
sings,
Feels FREEDOM urge her note and spread her
wings;
Uncaged she pours her simple artless song,
How softly sweet, the woods and groves among;
She, first to welcome morning's genial ray,
Sings to the setting sun a parting lay.

In spite of method I'll indulge my vein,
Digression better suits my rambling strain;
No soft and silvery numbers rack my skull,
I hate the verse that's regular and dull.
What shall a bard who acts the CENSOR'S part
To please the ear, leave unassailed the heart?
Retail his syllables, light, pretty things,
And tune his fiddle till he break the strings?

Vice needs a bold attack, no mincing song—
But one that's nervous, honest, bold and strong:
Verse that shall lash (no common case in rhyme,)
The present age, and bear the test of time.

HORACE and POPE, with free familiar grace,
Reproached our follies with a laughing face;
But throwing off the censor's aspect stern,
We grew familiar too—and laughed in turn.
In harsher strain, with more poetic fire,
The stately JUVENAL has swept the lyre;
And shewn that satire's voice is virtue's trust,
Her mandates sacred, when her theme is just.
Yet oft he marred the cause he aimed to mend,
Obscene his language, though divine his end:
For while we read his verse uncooth and coarse,
His useful moral loses half it's force.

YOUNG aim'd a dart at vice, but venal praise
And fulsome flattery stained the poet's lays.
While Britain's censor, grave ST. PATRICK'S DEAN.
Became sworn foe to vice, from love of spleen.
Accomplished ADDISON, the Muse's friend,
Waged war with folly for a nobler end;
Fair Virtue smiled, and hailed the rising day,
When guilt should stand abashed, and own her sway.
JOHNSON, whose mighty name the wise revere,
With rigid morals amiably severe,
Stood forth the champion of an injured cause,
Gave language grace, dispensed the CRITIC'S laws:
Deep silence reigned, the dull pedantic crowd
No longer idly vain, submissive bowed;

Learning shook off her old scholastic yoke,
And useful science brightened as he spoke;
He proved to VICE alone, a stubborn foe,
And VIRTUE owned him as her friend below.
CHURCHILL, the rudest of the tuneful choir,
Snatched from the willing Muse the ready lyre,
And struck a chord so loud—that Vice amazed
Recoiled, and Guilt in speechless wonder gazed,
Mad rhyming wits, and dull dramatic hacks,
Who long had put the Muses on the racks;
And greedy statesmen who increased their fees,
By robbing ENGLAND'S treasure by degrees;
All felt the poet's lash, and cursed the strain,
Where Truth resumed her long neglected reign,
And, spite of wealth and power, the villain's name
Exposed, and held it up to public shame.

COWPER, with noble ardour, touched the strings,
Approving VIRTUE listens while he sings;
That mild philanthropy, those thoughts refined,
Which graced his deathless verse, adorned his mind,
RELIGION, source of every pure desire,
Glowed in his heart; and WISDOM's holy fire
There found its altar, FAITH's immortal flame,
And gentle soothing CHARITY, whose name
Archangels in melodious concert sung;
And HOPE, in native beauty ever young,
Inspired his MUSE; and Nature's breathing sweets,
Her woodbine arbours, and her green retreats,
Were themes he loved; and PITY's gentle charm
He sweetly sung; a wanton act of harm

His soul abhorred; the wild and timorous hare
Fled to his roof, and found a refuge there.
Yet oft to harsher themes his lyre he strung,
And deep REMONSTRANCE dwelt upon his tongue;
O'er thoughtless guilt he dropped the prophet's tears,
And roused a slumbering nation into fears;
He proved a steady friend to all mankind,
And VIRTUE fixed her temple in his mind.

Ah! who shall now resume the censor's lyre,
With CHURCHILL'S strength, POPE'S wit, and COWPER'S fire;
Pierce through dark ERROR'S gloom, bring TRUTH to light,
And sweetly blend instruction with delight;

Bid her support the weak, expose the vain,
And shew mankind the beauties of her reign?—
Ah! who shall rise in these degenerate days,
When every hacknied scribbler shares his praise,
To plead fair Virtue's cause, reclaim the wrong,
Speak truth in rhyme, and moralize in song?
To curb the lawyer's petulance and pride,
And send him truth and wisdom for his guide;
To tell some grave divines, who wisely teach,
'Twere well if priests would practise what they preach;
To stop the villain in his bold career,
And whisper conscience, in a statesman's ear;
To tell the hero, smit with war's alarms,
Who is alone invincible in arms;
To lead the wanderer back, who went astray;
To shew mankind the error of their way;

And work reform among this motley crew,
A modern SATIRIST has much to do.

'Tis well when PRINCES, who, in earlier days,
Were dupes of every mean dependant's praise,
And slaves to folly, raised a nation's fears,
Grow grave and wiser with increasing years;
And blushing for their sad misconduct past,
Resume their native dignity at last.
'Tis well to see a PRINCE no longer drawn
By favorites vile, who poison while they fawn,
(Rogues, acting but to serve their private ends,
Whom 'twere gross perjury to call his friends,)
From wisdom's paths, and taught at last to shun
Their wily arts, which thousands have undone;—
'Tis well, I say, when PRINCES lend an ear
(For truth, though often spurned, is always near;

Still waiting to give honest men support,
Though now an exile banished from the court,)
To truth's fair dictates, which unchanged remain,
And chief of all should guide a monarch's reign.
This ENGLAND deeply felt in days of yore,
(And heaven, perchance, those days may soon restore;)
When the Fifth HARRY, peerless in renown,
(Did ever prince so well deserve a crown?)
Gave to the world a lesson of his own,
Which proved his noblest title to the throne.

His youth was vicious, pleasure was his aim,
And that eclipsed his future love of fame.
Thoughtless and wild, no ruler but his will,
He plunged in folly deep, and deeper still.

His sire, (whose tottering crown by murder won,)
Thought Heaven had poured its vengeance in his son;
While BRITAIN saw her future evils spring,
And trembled at the thought of such a king.

His youthful pranks were libertine and low,
His sports were vulgar—his companions so;
Revel and riot filled each noisy hour,
And law retained its name, but lost its power,
Well might his father heave a parent's groan,
And fearful BRITAIN tremble for her throne.

Vain fears, tho' just—no sooner was the crown
Placed on his head, than with an awful frown,
He called the vagrant crew, and, wiser grown,
Reproved their follies much, but more his own;

He bade them every former vice give o'er,
Reform their lives, or see his face no more.

To the wise servants of his FATHER's train
He prov'd a friend—RELIGION held her reign—
LAW kept its pace with MERCY, though severe—
And only coward GUILT had cause for fear.
O'er foreign lands he spread his matchless fame,
And haughty GALLIA trembled at his name;
Her captive king in English fetters bound,
Her pride destroyed and humbled to the ground;
No more the laurel bloomed upon her brow,
Alas! how much unlike her triumphs now?

Apply the tale—there perhaps may come a time
(And now I only *prophecy* in rhyme,)

When such a PRINCE, a prince of noble fire
Shall bless our isle, and bid the world admire;—
When we shall see, and call the times our own,
A second HARRY MONMOUTH mount the throne;
When ENGLAND'S fame shall strike the ravished
view,
And all her ancient beauty bloom anew.

Is there a man in BRITAIN'S wide domain,
Whose heart would not exult at such a reign?—
When LIBERTY,("now nerveless, cold, and dead,")
The prize for which our nobler fathers bled;
That prize which erst their warlike bosoms
steeled,
To shed their blood in many a well-fought field;
When tyrant kings, (may BRITAIN ne'er again
Behold such rulers!) forged the heavy chain

To bind her fast, and had not BRITISH arms
Rushed to the palace-gate with wild alarms,
Her glorious name, so much revered of yore,
Had sunk in endless night, to rise no more;)
When LIBERTY shall reign throughout the land,
And LAW and JUSTICE follow hand in hand.—
No vile attorneys (I could mention those
Their country's bane, her worst, her deepest foes;)
To rule the state, and watch with jealous spite
What courtiers fear to read, and slaves to write;
What CHURCHILL where *he* living, would declare,
Though G**** might storm, and SPECIAL JURIES swear.
Think not the Muse unjust contempt would draw
On that, which claims our high respect, the LAW:—

By ill-directed satire brand with shame
Truth's oracle, the JUDGE'S sacred name:—
No—long may they possess their power to save—
WHEN LAW IS BANISHED, FREEDOM FINDS A GRAVE.
But when we see (if TRUTH confess it not
The Muse shall mark the sentence with a blot,)
Oppression, falsehood, malice, all combined
To crush each nobler effort of the mind;
To pimp for vice, to stifle just debate,
Because it lashed some minion of the state!
Told truths, corruption dreaded to make known,
Lest they should shake the basis of the throne;—
Truths, which if long concealed, like hidden flame
Would blaze in deeds too horrible to name!

Yes, when our J***** deaf to reason's call,
Make RICHES an apology for all;
The flagrant vices of the *great* endure,
And visit their offences on the *poor:*—
When desperate hirelings armed with lawful power,
Purloin the fruits of many a weary hour,
And sheltered from the lesser villain's dread,
Wring from INDUSTRY'S hand his children's bread!
When preachers (modern favorites of the town
Who boast their evangelical renown,)
Make that BLESSED NAME which dying martyrs sung,
The scoff of every idle babbler's tongue:
O! could our glorious ANCESTORS of old,
Of CRESSY, POITIERS, AGINCOURT, be told

Stripes had been used, 'twould make their sinews
crack,
To mark disgracefully the SOLDIER'S back!
When evils such as these, too great to bear,
Inflame our minds, and drive us to despair,
'Tis fit the Muse, before it prove in vain,
To BRITAIN'S SENATE give one warning
strain.
I love my KING, my COUNTRY, and her LAWS,
And while I live will advocate their cause;
Then shall I see their honor brought to shame
By those, who were it *lawful but to name*,
Should stand disgraced on infamy's high stage,
The scorn of this, and each succeeding age?—
But in these days that to REFINEMENT tend,
Where Vice once found a FOE, she finds a
FRIEND,

And every petty dabbler of a scribe
Talks, flatters, gives his vote, and palms the bribe.

What are these men, these little limbs of law,
Who keep poor, trembling, vulgar, souls in awe?—
Who in no point, but roguery, agree,
And take an oath, as soon as take a fee.—
These squabbling parchment-brokers! who of late
Have crept like worms to undermine the state:
These buzzing wasps, who sting us if we touch,
Who do so little, and who talk so much!
Who, like some petty tyrant on a throne,
Will see no vices flourish but their own:—
Who shake their heads at every venal sin,
(A certain sign of emptiness within,)

And rail at filthy gold, cry bribery down,
Yet sell their dirty souls for half a crown.—
What are these men, that we should fear to write
What conscience, truth, and common-sense indite?—
What are these men, who now presume to sit,
The guides of taste, the arbiters of wit,
That harmless authors should be struck with awe,
And make the Muses' court a court of law?—
No, while I live I'll fear no haughty JUDGE,
Who hates the truth, and owes the Muse a grudge,
Because the Muse in some unlucky hour,
Said, Upstart fools are often drunk with power.
No peevish blockhead, who his brows shall knit
And shew his *temper* sooner than his *wit*;

One, who would pluck sweet Mercy from her throne,
To gratify some vengeance of his own.
No perjured lawyer, skilful in the trade
Of keeping affidavits ready made,
No matter either way, to cure or kill,
Who'll take his oath and charge it in the bill.
I'll speak the honest truth, and speak it loud,
The novelty perhaps may please the crowd;
Truth is a thing which rogues have made a crime,
And few will dare advance in prose or rhyme.

If then a prince aspire to HARRY's fame,
(And where shall monarch find a nobler aim?)
Let interest, will, and passion be subdued,
And private friendship bow to public good,

Let no dependants crowd around his gate,
No greedy NOBLES live in idle state;
No CARPET GENERALS, full of boastful words,
Who'll draw their TOOTHPICKS sooner than their
swords;
No GERMAN counts, who fiddlers were at home;
No fops from PARIS, and no priests from ROME;
No withered DOXIES full of amorous rage,
Sad monuments of impudence and age,
To force the tear from injured beauty's eye,
Wring her chaste heart, and burst the *nuptial*
tie.
No WIT to set the table in a roar,
With hacknied jests JOE MILLER told before;
Like BARDOLPH, with the vine-leaf on his brow
And what was BARDOLPH once, is BRINSLEY
now:—

These must no more employ his precious hours,
But the lost mind resuming all her powers,
With new-born vigour into life shall spring,
And the light trifler perish in the KING.—

But chief of all, t'ensure a blissful reign,
(Nor Heaven propitious hear my prayer in vain,)
May Law once more, with energy divine,
Plead FREEDOM'S cause, and guard her holy shrine.
Let no mean tyrant (such as I could find,
Whose *features* are an index to his *mind*,)
With damned malice, such as fiends possess,
Attack the weak and glory in distress.
Let no dull JUSTICE take his daily pains,
By talking much to hide a lack of brains;

(Like one *I know*, who sits, with fury big,
In all the empty majesty of wig,)
And deeming libels worse because they're *true*,
Cage the poor author, and abuse him too.
Let no false PATRIOT, frantic for reform,
And hot for faction, raise the civil storm,
Bid loyalty before her altar bleed,
And call it zeal, to sanctify the deed.
Let no galled BISHOP (secret be his name)
In England's church revive the popish flame,
And bring before her jaundiced sight again,
Those bloody scenes which cursed a STUART'S reign.
Far from thy councils BRITAIN may they roam,
And in some foreign country find a home,
Where slaves obedient to a tyrant's reign,
Bow their submissive necks, and hug their chain.

Great, truly great, shall be that monarch's name
Who builds his glory on his people's fame;
His praise shall travel to the furthest pole,
Where winds can bellow, and where waves can roll.
Like HIM of old, who gave BRITANNIA laws,[19]
(Did ever monarch more deserve applause?)
His name shall shine through history's ample page,
And prove a guide to each succeeding age.
In vain shall TYRANTS spread their wild alarms,
The GOD OF BATTLES shall defend his arms.
In vain shall TRAITORS, with intemperate zeal,
Some daring FELTON, point the murderous steel;
HEAVEN shall o'ertake the wretch with wrath divine,
Arrest his hand, and blast the foul design.

When welcome death (to him eternal gain)
Shall close the mortal honors of his reign;
When full of worth, and years, and fair renown,
He leaves an earthly for a heavenly crown;
The patriot's tear shall bid his memory live,
And all that virtue, all that fame can give,
Adorn his tomb, and shed a lasting ray,
And FREEDOM pour her tributary lay.
Long shall his race, to future heroes grown,
With still increasing glory fill the throne;
Their honored names in fair succession run,
The FATHER'S virtues brightening in the SON.

Surrounding nations shall with envy see,
That to be HAPPY, BRITONS must be FREE;

And when the flag of LIBERTY's unfurled,
WE ARM OUR HEARTS WITH STEEL—AND
DARE THE WORLD.

Notes

ON

The TIMES;

OR,

The PROPHECY.

Notes.

(1) *The mighty* HOMER *was obliged to fast.*

HOMER, the immortal author of the Illiad and Odyssey was a wandering beggar, old and blind; subsisting upon the alms that he received for reciting his verses in the streets of Greece. The following epigram was written on seven towns contending for the honor of having given him birth.—

"Seven wealthy towns contend for HOMER dead,
Through which the living HOMER begged his bread."

(2) *But luckier* POPE *was amply paid at last.*

POPE obtained upwards of ten thousand pounds for his translation of Homer.

(3) BUTLER *with wit and humour on his side,*
Wrote well, nor found a patron till he died.—

The wit of the celebrated author of HUDIBRAS was the delight of the dissolute court of CHARLES the Second. Yet it is said that BUTLER literally died for want.

(4) DRYDEN, *to whom the magic power was given*
With harmony to raise the soul to heaven,
Long time the servant of a worthless court,
Outlived, at last, it's favor and support.—

This great poet whom CHURCHILL has justly denominated "the High Priest of all the NINE," passed a long life in the painful employment of drudging for the booksellers, and pampering the taste of a depraved and dissolute age. If any

portion of his days might be said to have been blest with affluence, it is certain that he died poor. POPE alluding to his monument in Westminster Abbey, erected by the Duke of Buckingham, has these lines:

"Yet still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to *bury* whom he help'd to *starve*."

(5) GAY died insolvent——

Like most poets, GAY was generally poor. An unsuccessful speculation in the celebrated South Sea scheme, by which he lost all his money; and the disappointment of his hopes at court, broke his heart. POPE who was his sincere friend while living, did not forget him when dead; but honored his memory with an epitaph, and mentions him in many parts of his works with tenderness and regret.

(6) ———OTWAY *begged his bread.*

This wonderful man who is the author of some

of our finest tragedies, after having undergone a series of misfortunes, retired half famished to an obscure alehouse on Tower Hill, to avoid the harpies of the law. Meeting with a gentleman to whom he was known, OTWAY asked him for a shilling, the other generously gave him a guinea: he immediately bought a roll to satisfy the cravings of nature, when the wind rising in his throat from long fasting, he was instantly choaked.

(7) SAVAGE, *whose fate, too cruelly severe.*

The story of SAVAGE is too well known to need any further detail. He is one of those, whose genius has been only equalled by his misfortunes. The pathetic narrative of Dr. JOHNSON (one of the finest pieces of writing in the world) has rescued his character from any unjust imputations; it displays the candour of the critic, with the tenderness of the friend.

(8) *Unhappy* CHATTERTON! *o'er thy sad grave*
Long shall the laurel bloom, the cypress wave.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, known by the name of the "BOY-BARD," was born of poor parents in the city of Bristol. At the age of fourteen he was articled to an attorney of that place, but soon rendered himself famous by fabricating those astonishing poems which were said to have been written by one THOMAS ROWLEY, a monk, who lived in the reign of EDWARD the Fourth. His wonderful abilities introduced him to HORACE WALPOLE, who finding his communications highly curious, and being ignorant of his real situation, treated him with respect. Learning afterwards from one of his letters, that he was the son of a poor widow, articled to an attorney, and desirous of immerging from his obscure situation, he changed his conduct towards him, which CHATTERTON resenting, their correspondence ceased. After enduring the bitterest extremities of want; without home, without friends, without *food;* his fortitude forsook him, and on the night of the 24th of August 1770, he swallowed a large quantity of opium which caused his death. He wanted but three months of completing his eighteenth year. Dr. GREGORY has written a life of this unfortunate youth, wherein he has

vainly endeavoured to defend the conduct of WALPOLE, which was in the highest degree dastardly and contemptible. DEAN MILLES, (not much to his credit) has likewise taken up his pen against CHATTERTON; but his merits have found an elegant eulogist in the late lamented Mrs. ROBINSON, whose Monody on his Death is eminently beautiful and pathetic.

(9) *Thy name sweet Auburn's Bard shall long be dear,*
And claim fond memory's tributary tear.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was not more remarkable for his poetical talents than the endearing benevolence of his heart. His whole life was one continued scene of generosity towards his fellow creatures. His unbounded liberality at length involved him in difficulties which despairing ever to surmount he sunk beneath the weight, and the world was deprived of one of the best men and the best poets that ever adorned it.

(10) *Such* COLLINS *was thy fate—nor thine alone—*
Well may those walls that echoed to thy groan
Bear witness to the tale!

It is related of the poet COLLINS that when his mind became absorbed in a deep melancholy, he would go to Chichester cathedral (of which city he was a native) and when the organ began to play, shriek through the resounding aisles, a wandering lunatic. The first symptoms of his malady was discovered in burning those exquisite odes which have ensured the admiration of posterity: happy if in losing his reason he could have forgotten the ingratitude of mankind! Those beautiful though neglected poems have now received their full portion of praise, and if the fame of this unhappy bard was posthumous, it will nevertheless be lasting.

A monument of most excellent workmanship has been erected by public subscription to his memory in the cathedral of his native city. He is finely represented as just recovered from a wild fit of phrenzy, and in a calm reclining posture,

seeking refuge from his misfortunes in the divine consolations of the Gospel, while his lyre and one of his productions lie neglected on the ground. Above are two beautiful figures of love and pity entwined in each other's arms.

(11) *The man, (a foul disgrace on manhood's name!)*
Whom black injustice long has mark'd with shame.

For the present, it may be only necessary to remark that this character is not fictitious, but to the disgrace of humanity a *living* portrait. Those who know any thing of the author's family, will recognize the picture, and acknowledge its representation to be just. Upon some future occasion it will be further explained to the public, as the task of the satyrist is but half performed, when he skreens the *person*, and exposes only the *vice*.

(12) *Sin haunts our steps, and stares us in the face.*

Imitation.

" Sodom confronts, and stares us in the face."

CHURCHILL.

(13) *His face from Tyburn, and his heart from hell.*

Imitation.

" Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face."

CHURCHILL.

(14) *Though vile apostates,* D****R *in their train, Talk loud, and plead their right to be profane.*

A wretched apostate from the church of England, who promises to live and die with one congregation, until another offers him *better terms.*

(15) *What's virtue but a mask to cheat the blind?*

The common doctrine of those persons who set up *faith* in opposition to *good works.* But it often happens that among these self-elected spiritualists we find hypocricy, avarice, and conceit at the bottom of all their professions. They quote particular passages of scripture to serve their own purposes, but if they meet with a text that exhorts them to charity, forgiveness, and humility towards mankind, they either pass over it in silence, or endeavour to pervert it's meaning. They neglect the divine admonitions of BLAIR, for the incoherent ravings of WHITFIELD, and accuse Mr. POPE of encouraging heretical doctrines, by writing these lines:

" For right and wrong let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong, whose *life* is in the right."

(16) *Heaven heard with joy the dying prayer he gave,*
To bless that country he was born to save.

" O save my country, Heaven!" were the last words of this memorable statesman: in reference to which we may apply these lines of VOLTAIRE:

" Voulut mourir du moins comme il avoit vécu,
Avec toute sa gloire, et toute sa vertu."

(17) *The widow's boon a bright example see;*
And learn the use of good bestowed on thee!

See the 17th chapter 1 Kings, verses 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15.

(18) *(A well-bred strumpet now, she keeps her coach!)*

Such as my Lady ******d, (vide the character of LOTHARIO) and other courtezans of fashion. His lordship is fond of *reform*, what a pity he does not look at *home*, her Ladyship would find him ample employment.

(19) *Like* HIM *of old who gave Britannia laws.*

ALFRED, the Great.

Prologue,

WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

In this proud dome which taste and genius raise,
The Muse to-night her mimic scene displays;
On this remembered spot so famed of yore,
Where SHAKSPEARE and where GARRICK charmed before,
We now invoke the DRAMA's powerful art
To curb the passions, and to mend the heart,

And by her pleasing lessons from the STAGE,
Improve the manners, and instruct the age.

Long time elapsed ere SHAKSPEARE'S hand divine
Brought nature's stores to light, and bade them shine;
Ere truth the cloud of ignorance dispelled
Which the dark mind in willing bondage held.
Then nature, irresistible and strong,
In floods of boundless passion poured along,
And scorning art's pedantic, dull controul,
O'erwhelmed with magic power the captive soul.

Long may BRITANNIA feel the ardent flame,
And boast his glorious, his immortal name!

From age to age the glowing theme prolong,
And future poets emulate his song.
Like him sublime on daring wing to soar
To fancy's boldest heights, unknown before;
And blend triumphant in the BRITISH lyre,
The GRECIAN softness with the ROMAN fire.
May we, endued with feelings quick as these,
Proud to excel, solicitous to please,
Share the bright sunshine of your favor *here*,
Which marked with cheering beams our late career.
May we, as laughter moves, or passion burns,
And merriment and sorrow take their turns,
Avoid extremes, and keep the golden mean,
And banish VICE and FOLLY from the scene!
Prompt in our calling, each succeeding night
To sweetly blend instruction with delight,

And keeping perfect nature still in view,
Shew VIRTUE our regard, by pleasing YOU.

No more let WIT with poverty contend,
HERE shall NEGLECTED GENIUS find a friend!
No more let injured MERIT pine alone,
'Tis our's to speak it's worth, and make it known!
What, though a stranger in the walks of fame
The POET here prefer his humble claim,
No *partial judgment* shall decide his cause,
His fate, the PUBLIC CENSURE, or APPLAUSE!
There shall he rest his hopes, and ground his trust,
(Convinced a BRITISH AUDIENCE will be just,)
Unawed by those (if YOU confer the bays)
Whose praise were censure, and whose censure, praise.

And O! if some refined and feeling heart
Bleed o'er the deep distress our scenes impart,
If eloquent the tear of sorrow flow
For CATHARINE'S wrongs, or BELVIDERA'S woe?
No tribute of applause is half so dear,
As soft affection's sigh, or pity's tear.
If in some breast tumultuous passions roll,
And guilt and fear by turns distract the soul;
If wild ambition, burning to be great,
Burst nature's bonds, and dare the will of fate?
HERE let it view the tyrant's tottering throne,
And in ANOTHER'S fall, behold it's OWN!
But if some SPARTAN SOUL of heavenly flame
Burn to revive the GREEK and ROMAN name,
And greatly daring, true to valor's laws,
To stand or perish in his country's cause?

Let CATO's god-like precepts be his guide,
His steady worth, his philosophic pride,
His dauntless mind, in conscious virtue brave,
To scorn like HIM the baseness of a SLAVE.

Epistle

TO A YOUNG POET.

Scribimus indocti doctique.—

Horace.

SINCE you (MY FRIEND) in these degenerate days,
Would stand a scribbling candidate for praise,
First learn to merit it, before you claim,
For any blockhead may be damned to fame :

Read CLODIO's rhymes (transgressing reason's laws)
Yet CLODIO fattens on the world's applause;
The Muses own him (arrogant and vain)
If not the *best*, the *luckiest* of their train.

When HAFIZ bids his motley Muse arise,
DULNESS awakes, and rubs her drowsy eyes,
With sleepy haste the poppy wreath prepares
To crown her favorite bard, while wisdom stares.
"Rhyme on," (she cries) "o'erleap stale reason's fence,
Write verse or prose, write any thing but sense—
Steal on my son! for thou assured may'st be
No mortal bard shall ever steal from THEE."
But where true genius with a taste refined
Informs the judgment, and exalts the mind,

Let nobler thoughts the generous Muse inspire,
Nor vain applause mislead her sacred fire:
'Tis her's to play the candid censor's part,
"To curb the passions and to mend the heart,"
To praise a virtuous deed, reprove a crime,
Nor write *one* verse for sense, and *ten* for rhyme.
Oh! may such maxims animate thy song,
And prove thee worthy of the tuneful throng!
May virtue cherish and adorn thy youth,
And lead thee early in the paths of truth!
May candour rule and reason guide thy pen!
Exalt the merits, lash the faults of men:
Spare not a villain, though in robes of state,
Nor let a man be *good*—because he's *great*.
Whatever subject your attention draws,
Be sure your verse is suited to the cause:

If war inspire your Muse with heat divine,
Let heavenly ardour animate each line;
If tender themes you sing, to draw our tears,
Some beauty perished in the bloom of years,
Soft be the verse, and melancholy slow,
True to the cause, and faithful to the woe.

But should sharp satire force your Muse's rage,
To lash the follies of a vicious age,
Let all your strength to aimed to work reform,
And make the tyrant blush to see his form:
Harsh be the lines, inelegant and terse—
Plain sense needs not the ornaments of verse.
But when it proves the poet's pleasing care
To lash the milder follies of the fair,
Let partial judgment dictate what you write,—
Sharp without rancour,—witty, yet polite:

Few are their faults (in various colours drest,)
The love of pleasure, scandal and the rest;
All are but light when circled in their arms,
Lost in a lovely multitude of charms!

Some owe their fame to nice prevailing art,—
Delight the *ear*, but never touch the *heart;*
Or hide their nonsense by poetic glare,
(As frights will paint, to make'em pass for fair;)
If love inspire their Muse (for love must please,)
A thousand sighs are wafted by the breeze!
Fair AMARYLLIS frowns—the rivers weep—
And STREPHON grows as silly as his sheep!
But when a bard would dreadful acts rehearse,
And deeds heroic thunder in his verse,
With madman zeal he tunes the furious lay,
While ghosts and demons lead him on the way!

First comes a tempest, afterwards a calm,
(These are found useful, and can do no harm:)
As clouds disperse, the smoother grows the strain,—
The poet and the reader breathe again.

Poems, like pictures, all extremes deny,—
Too richly coloured will offend the eye;
Let empty sound be justly thrown aside,
And perfect nature be your constant guide.
Your judgment must a proper medium know,
Nor soar bombastic, neither sink too low;
Such airy flights denote a crazy brain,
While coarser manners villify the strain.

Critics increase as authors rise to view;
Fame sounds her horn, while eager fools pursue:

All court applause, and yet tis hard to say
Who is the greatest blockhead of the day.

See MILO's garret, twice two stories high,
(MILO, the monarch of the lower sky!)
Nurtur'd by dulness, favour'd with a skull
Profoundly deep, impenetrably dull.
Does MILO sing—the listening owls rejoice,
Hoarse croaking ravens answer to his voice;
From Grub-street's walls th' approving din is heard,
And dunces mark, and tremble at his word.

Oh! let such blockheads long enjoy the name,
Nor envy MILO's verse nor MILO's fame.
While caitiff bards to baser arts submit,
And tender vile obscenity of wit,

Do thou, far worthier, honor Virtue's laws,
Assert her rights, and vindicate her cause:
So shall she flourish in immortal bloom,
Adorn thee living, and lament thy tomb.

One task remains,—nor dare the task forego,—
(Too oft forgot by mortals here below;)
Oh! be it thine the grateful song to raise,
And teach the nations their CREATOR'S PRAISE!
Whom saints adore as heaven's eternal King,
While holy angels hallelujahs sing!
Whose hand protects, whose wisdom rules the ball,
Whose mercy pardons and provides for all.
Such themes as these shall endless honors claim,
And prove thy passport to the gates of fame.
Though envious wits thy moral verse assail,
Though blockheads jeer, and paltry critics rail,

Still shall thine honest and instructive page
Delight the world, and charm a future age:
Truth shall approve and vindicate her lays,
And crown thy labours with immortal praise.

Hymn.

Had I a harp by angels strung,
A seraph's voice, a prophet's tongue,
To Thee, eternal King,
My soul dissolved in love and praise,
A hymn of gratitude should raise,
And hallelujahs sing.

But though no saint or seraph's fire
Awake the music of my lyre,
Or animate my lays,
Do Thou from thine ethereal sphere,
In tender mercy deign to hear,
And pardon while I praise.

Hark! how from every dewy thorn
The merry birds salute the morn,
What joyful songs they raise:
For THEE they strain their tuneful throats,
To THEE they pour the sweetest notes
Of gratitude and praise.

Then rise my soul, begin the lay,
To GOD thine early homage pay,
Who gives the morning light;
When evening falls, (his praise thy theme)
O! let pale LUNA'S silver beam
Thy solemn thoughts invite.

"Is there a God?"—the ideot cries.—
—Who formed the earth, who built the skies,
By whose command divine
Do yonder circling planets run,
And that celestial orb! the sun,
In all it's glory shine?

Who gave thee life, whose saving power
Upholds thee in affliction's hour,
Nor leaves thy soul to weep;
Whose mighty voice, whose sovereign will
Bid the tempestuous waves be still,
And calm the roaring deep?—

Whose bounteous hand each beauty yields
That gilds the skies, and paints the fields,
And all in heaven and earth;
Who gives the moon her silver rays,
The morning stars their brighter blaze,
That hailed creation's birth?

Who, when the battle's rage begins,
And war to scourge a nation's sins
  Assumes it's giant form,
Directs the carnage from on high,
And bids the warrior stand, or fly,
  And guides the awful storm?

Who, when upon the bed of death
The bleeding hero pants for breath,
  To ease the fatal blow,
Whispers in soothing sounds of love,
He shall enjoy in realms above
  His glories gained below?—

Tis GOD! who reigns eternal King,
Whose praise adoring angels sing,
  Whom heaven and earth revere;
Whose mercy guards us every hour,
Whose beauty blossoms in the flower,
  And crowns the rolling year.

My Friend, my Father, and my Theme,
Fountain of every joy supreme,
Of every pure desire;
Who first informed this mortal clay
Of virtue's bright ethereal ray,
And wisdom's holy fire.

O! may I while in early days,
Adore thy word, and sing thy praise;
O! teach my erring mind
To know that pleasure's dire employ
Yields but a transitory joy,
And leaves a sting behind.

That virtue shall alone impart
The truest comfort to the heart,
And all our wants supply;
On earth her choicest blessings give,
Be our protector while we live,
Nor leave us when we die.

When the last trump shall wake the skies,
And thy eternal glory rise
In one unclouded blaze,
O! may my soul in worlds unknown,
Break out before thy starry throne,
In everlasting praise.

Ode.

O! had I the wings of a dove,
To fly from this ocean of woes,
To the bosom of HIM that I love,
Where nought should disturb my repose;

For sorrow encircles me here,
I long to obtain my release;
If life could be bought with a tear,
I would haste to the mansions of peace.

This world shall no more be my theme,
It's days of delusion are gone;
It's pleasures have passed as a dream,
It's hopes as the dews of the morn!

I smiled—for it promised me well,
It's prospects seemed bright to my view:
But TRUTH has now broken the spell,
Ye days of enchantment, adieu.—

Finis.

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MISCELLANEOUS

Poems.

BY

GEORGE DANIEL.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

But all is in His hand, whose praise I seek.
In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,
If He regard not; though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm His ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

COWPER.

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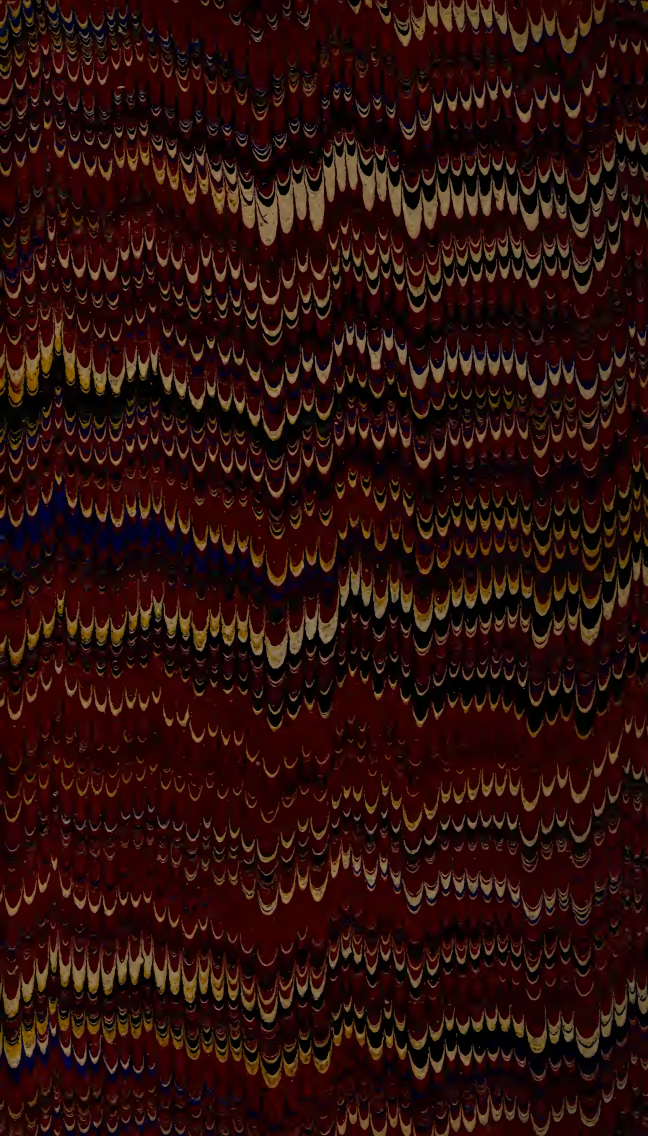
"This little volume displays a considerable degree of taste and elegance." See British Critic.



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